THE Second Advice TO A PAINTER, For Drawing the HISTORY Of our NAVALL Buſineſs; *In Imitation of Mr.* WALLER.

Being the laſt Work of Sir JOHN DENHAM.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Second Advice TO A PAINTER, FOR Drawing the History of our NAVALL Business; *In Imitation of Mr.* WALLER.

NAy *Painter*, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
Which *Waller* only Courage had to Write;
If thy bold hand, can without shaking Draw,
What even the *Actors* trembled when they saw;
Enough to make the Colours change, like *their's*,
And all thy Pencills bristle, like *their Hairs*.
First in fit distance of the prospect Maine,
Paint *Allen* Tilting at the Coast of *Spaine*;
Heroick Act, and never heard till now,
Steming of *Her'cles* Pillers with his Prow,
And how two Ships he left, the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks, *Dover* and *Calice* graft.

The flaming *London* next doth come in view,
Like *Nero*'s Rome, burnt to re-build it new:
What leſſer Sacrifice then this was meet,
To offer for the ſafety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence doth grow,
See what free Citizens, and wiſe Courts can do.
So ſome old Merchant, to inſure his Name,
Marries a freſh, and Courtiers ſhare the Dame:
See whatſo'ere is broke, the Servants pay't,
Their Glaſſes are more durable then Plate.
No *Mayor* till now ſo rich a *Pageant* fain'd,
Nor one *Barge* all the Comnpaies contain'd.
Then *Painter* draw *Cærulean Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor of the Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his hue,
Uſe nothing but *ultra mariniſh* blue;
To pay his Fees the *Silver Trumpet* ſpends,
And without Swains whiſtles, for his Place depends,
Pilots in vain repeat the Compaſs ore,
Until of him they learn that one point more.
The conſtant *Magnet* to the *Pole* doth hold,
Steel to the *Magnet*, *Coventry* to *Gold*;
Moſcovia ſells Hemp, and Pitch, and Tar,
Iron and Copper *Sweden*; *Munſter* War;
Aſhly Prizes, *Warwick* Cuſtoms, *Cartaret* Pay,
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.
Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas wings,
Swoln like his purſe, with tackling like its ſtrings,
By ſlow degrees of the encreaſing Gale,
Firſt under Sale, and after under Sayle;

Then in kind visit unto *Opdams* Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out:
So *Huntsmen* fair, unto the *Hare* give law,
First find them, and then civilly with-draw,
That the blind *Archer*, when they take the Seas,
The *Hamborough* Convoy may betray at ease.
So that the Fishes may more securely bite,
The Fisher baits the River over night.
But *Painter*, now prepare t' enrich thy Piece,
Pencils of *Ermyns*, Oyl of *Ambergreece*:
See where the *Dutchess* with triumphant tayle
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth assayle;
See the *Land Crabs*, at Natures kindly call,
Down to engender, at the Sea do crawl;
So then the *Admiral* with Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Cole:
So *Swallows* in the Sea buried, at Spring
Return to Land, with Summer in their wing.
One thrifty Ferry-Boat of Mother-Pearle,
Suffic'd of old the *Cytherean* Girle:
Yet *Navies* are but Properties, which here
A small Sea-mark are built to court you dear.
Three *Goddesses* in one, *Pallas* for *Art*,
Venus for Sport, and *Juno* in your Heart.
Oh *Dutchess*! if thy Nuptial Pompe were mean,
Its paid with Interest in thy *Naval Scene*.
Never did *Roman* Mark within the *Nyle*,
So feast the fair *Egyptian* Crocodile;
Nor the *Venetian* Duke with greater State,
The Adriatique *Mary* at that Rate.

Now *Painter*, spare thy weak Art, and forbear
To Draw her panting passions, and each tear,
For alass, she hath but a short delight,
The Winds, the *Dutch*, the King, all calls to Fight;
She therefore the *Dukes* person recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, as friends,
Pen, much more *Brunker*, most to *Coventry*,
For they (she knew) were more afraid then she.
Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Finn,
And hop'd that he through the Aire might spin;
The other thought he might avoid his Knell,
In the Invention of the diving Bell:
The third had tri'd it, and affirm'd, a Cable
Coil'd round about him, was Impenetrable:
But these the *Duke* rejected; only those
To keep far off, and others Interpose.
Rupert that knew not fear, but health did want,
Kept state suspended in his Chair *volant*,
All save his head, shut in the wooden Case,
He shew'd but like a broken weather Glasse;
But arm'd in a whole Lyon Capuchin, Cap-a-chin,
Did represent a *Hercules* within,
Dear, how the *Dutch* his twinging Anguish know
And feel what Valour (whet with pain) can do:
Curst in the mean time be that cursed *Nairl*,
That through his Princely temples drove the nail,
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,
But *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arjon*;
He to prolong his life in the Dispute,
(And Charm the *Holland* Puppets) ton'd his Lute,

Till ſome judicious Dolphin might approach,
And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.
Now *Painter* reaſſume thy Pencills care,
Thou haſt but Skirmiſht yet, Now fight prepare
And Battel draw, more terrible to ſhow,
Then the laſt judgement was of *Angelo*.
Firſt let our Navy ſcour through ſilver froth,
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdomes both,
Whoſe every bulk may repreſent it's birth,
From *Hide*, and *Paſton*, burthens of the earth!
Hide, whoſe tranſcendent Paunch ſo ſwells of late,
That he the Rupture ſeems of Law, and Sate.
Paſton, whoſe belly devours more Millions
Then *Indians*, Carracks, and contains more Tuns.
Let ſholes of Porpuſes on every ſide
Wonder in ſwimming, by the Oake out-vi'de;
And the Sea-fowls (at gaze) behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſtrong and ſwift then they of wing;
Both which preſaging, yet keep ſtill in ſight,
And follows for the Relique of the Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with bold diſſembling fear,
Or bold diſpair, more then we wiſh, draw near;
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to fight; Their ſquezy ſtomacks render
With breaſts ſo panting, that at every ſtroke
You might have felt their hearts beat through the
Whilſt one concern'd moſt, in the interval (Oake
Of ſtraining Choller, thus did caſt his Gall;
Noah be damn'd, and all his Race accurſt,
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt;

Who, though he Planted *Vines*, yet *Pines* cut down,
He taught us how to *Drink*, and how to *Drown*.
He first built *Ships*, and in that Wooden-hall,
Saving but Eight, ere since endangers all.
And thou *Dutch* Necromantick Frier, be damn'd,
And in thine own first *Morter-piece* be ram'd;
Who first inventedst *Cannon* in thy Cell;
Nitre from Earth, and *Brimstone* fetch from Hell:
But damn'd, and treble damn'd be *Clarendine*,
(Our seventh *Edward*) with his House and Line;
Who, to divert the danger of the *War*,
With *Bristol*, hurles it on the *Hollander*.
Foole-coated Gown-man, sells to fight with *Hans*,
Dunkirk, dismantling *Scotland*, quarrels *France*;
And Hopes he now hath businesse shap'd, & power,
T' out-last his life and ours, and 'scape the *Tower*,
And that he yet may see 'ere he goes down,
His dear *Clarinda* circled in a *Crown*.
By this time both the *Fleets* in Wrath *dispute*,
And each the other Mortally salute:
Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his thumbs,
To think himself a *Slave* who ere o'recomes;
And frighted *Nymphs* retreating to the Rocks,
Beating their blue breasts, tearing their green locks.
Paint *Ecchoes* slaine, only the alternate sound,
From the repeating *Cannon* doth rebound,
Opdam sayles up, mounted on his Naval throne,
Assuming Courage greater then his own;
Makes to the *Duke*, and threatens him from far,
To nayle himself to's *Board* like a *Pe-tar*.

But

But in this vain Attempt, takes Fire too soon,
And flyes up in his Ship to catch the Moon:
Mounsiers, like Rockets, mount aloft and crack,
In thousand sparks, and dancingly fall back;
Yet ere this hapned, Destiny allowed
Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud,
A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*, Ah! too dear exchange:
He led our Fleet (that day) too short a space,
But lost his Knee, died since in Honours Race:
Lawson, whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
Doth still fight *Opdam* in the shades below.
The *Duke* himself, though *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of Dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
Unles 'twas to grow *Duke* too by Contract;
An un-taught Bullet, in its wanton scope,
Quashes him all to pieces, and his hope:
Such as his Rise, such was his Fall unprais'd,
A Chance-shot sooner took, then Chance him rais'd
His shatter'd Head the fearless *Duke* disdains,
Which gave the last, first proof that he had Brains.
Berkly had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of royal *Hardings* Bloud,
To be Immortal he was not of Age,
And did even now the *Indian* prize presage;
But judg'd it safe and decent, (cost what cost)
To loose the Day since his dear Brother's lost;
With his whole *Squadron* strait away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.

The *Dutch Aurania* careles at us fail'd,
And promised to do, what *Opdam* fail'd;
Smith (to the *Duke*) doth intercept her way,
And cleaves to her closer then the *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd, and withall disdain'd,
So strongly by a thing so small detain'd;
And in her raging bravery to him runs,
They stab'd their Ships with one anothers Guns;
They Fight so neer, it seems to be on ground,
And even the Bullets, meeting Bullets wound:
The noise, the smoke, the swear, the fire, the blood,
Is not to be expresst, nor understood;
Each Captain from the quarter Deck Commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands
All luxury of War, all that brave men can do
In a Sea-fight, did pass between them two:
But one must conquer, who soe're does fight;
Smith took the *Giant*, and is since made Knight.
Marlborow, who knew, and dar'd do more then All,
Falls undistinguish'd by an Iron Ball;
Dear *Lord*, but born under a Star ungrate,
No soul so clear, nor none more gloomy fate;
Who would set up Wars trade, that means to thrive,
Death picks the Valiant out, and Cowards survive:
When the brave merrit, the Impudent do vaunt,
And none rewarded but the Sicophant:
He all his life time against Fortune fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd;
But envy, not the praise to's Memory,
None more prepared was, or fit to dye.

Rupert

Rupert did others, and himself excell:
Holmes, *Steddiman*, *Minns*, bravely *Lawson* fell.
What others did, let none omit it's blame,
I shall record, who ever breaks in his name;
But unless after stories disagree,
Nine only came to Fight, the rest to see.
Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss,
The Wind, the Fire, Wee, They themselves do cross
What a sweet sleep the Duke began to drown,
And with swift Diadems his temple Crown;
But first he orders all besides to watch,
(And they the Foe) whilst he a Nap shu'd catch:
But *Bruenker* by a secreter instinct
Slept not, nor needs hee, he all day had wink'd;
The Duke in Bed, he then draws forth his Steel,
VVhose Vertue makes the misled Compass wheel
So ere he wakes, both Fleets were innocent,
And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.
And now dear *Painter*, after pains like those,
'Twere time that thou and I too should repose,
And all our Navy scape so sound of Limb,
That a small space serv'd to Refresh and Trim,
And a tame Fleet of theirs do Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:
Paint but this one Scene, now the worlds our own
The Halcion *Sandwich* doth Command alone;
To *Bergen* now, with better Maw we hast,
And the sweet Spoiles in hope already taste;
Though *Clifford* in the Character appears,
Of *Sequa Cargo* to our Fleet and theirs.

Wearin

Wearing a *Signet* ready to clap on,
And ceaze all for his Maſter *Arlington*.
Ruiter, whoſe little *Squadron* skims the Seas,
And waits till our remoteſt Collonyes,
With Ships all foule returns upon our way,
Sandwich would not diſperſe nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wiſe,
To eſcape his ſight and ſight, ſhuts both his eyes.
And for more ſtate and ſureneſs, Curtains drew,
He the left *Eye* cloſes, the right *Montague*.
And truly *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal,
To make all ſure, to apply to both his Seal.
Vliſſes ſo, till he the *Cirens* paſt,
Would by his Mates be pinnioned to the Maſt.
Now can our Navy view the wiſh'd for Port,
But theirs (to ſee the fortune) was a Fort.
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat,
Fools only fight, the Prudent uſe to *Treat*.
His Couzen *Mountague* by Court diſaſter,
Dwindled into a Wooden Horſes Maſter.
To ſpeak of *Peace*, ſeem'd unto all moſt proper,
Had *Talbot* there treated of nought but Copper:
For what are Forts when void of Ammunition
With friend or foe? what, would we more Condition
Yet we three dayes, (till the *Dutch* furniſh'd all,
Men, Money, Cannon, Powder) treat with Wall.
Then *Tiddy*, finding that the *Dane* would not,
Sends in with Captains, bravely to be ſhot:
And *Mountague*, though dreſt like any Bride,
Though aboard him two, not yet was kil'd and died.

Sad

Sad was this Chance, and yet a deeper Care,
Wrinkled our *Membraine* under fore-head fair:
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence,
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence.
For as if all their Ships of Walnuts were,
The more we beat them, ſtill the more they bear.
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again doth blind.
Now gentle *Painter*, ere we leap on ſhore,
With thy laſt ſtroaks ruffle a Tempeſt o're;
As if in our Reproach the Winds and Seas,
Would undertake the *Dutch*, whilſt we take eaſe.
The Seas their ſpoyles within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our mouths did blow.
Strew'd all the Ships along the Coaſt by ours,
As eaſie to be gather'd up as Flowers,
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to miſtake
A Man of War, amongſt theſe Flowers a Snake.
Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with *Eaſtern Pearls*,
And *Diamonds*, ſates the *Officers*, and *Earles*;
Then warning of our Fleet, he did divide
Into the Ports, and ſo to *Oxford* ride:
Whilſt the *Dutch* re-uniting to our ſhames,
Ride all inſulting o're the *Downs* and *Thames*.
Now treating *Sandwich* ſeems the fitteſt choice
For *Spain*, there to condole and to rejoyce:
He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,
Shifts to the *Groine*, Imbaſſies bear no Arms.
There let him languiſh a long *Quarrentine*,
And nere to *England* come, till he be clean.

Hence

Henceforth (O *Gemini*) two Dukes Command,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle*, *Cumberland*:
Since they in one Ship go, 'twere fit they went
In *Pettyes* double-keel'd Experiment.

To the King.

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas, and Isles,
Dear Object of our Joyes, and Heavens smiles,
What boot's it, that thy Light doth guild our dayes,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rayes;
Whilst swarms of Insects from the warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept thy Sun:
Thou, like *Joves Minos*, rulest a greater *Creet*,
And for its hundred Cities, counts thy Fleet:
Why wilt thou that State *Dædalus* allow,
Who builds thee but a Labyrinth, and a Cow:
If thou a *Minos*, be a Judge severe,
In his own Maze, confine the Engineer.
Or if our Sun, since he so neer presumes,
Melt the soft wax, with which he imps his Plumes;
Then let him falling, leave his hated Name,
Unto those Seas, his VVars have set on flame;
From that Enchanter, having clear'd thine eyes,
Thy Native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view those Kingdoms full of Joy and Light,
VVhere's Universal Triumph, but no Fight:

Since

Since both from Heaven thy care & power descend,
Rule by its Pattern, thereto reascend;
Let Justice only draw, and Battel cease,
Kings are in War but Cares, they'r Gods in peace:
Thus have we Fought we know not why, nor yet
W'ave done we know not what, or what we get;
If to espouse the Ocean, all these pains,
Princes Unite, and will forbid the Banes;
If to destroy *Phanaticks*, this makes more,
For all *Phanaticks* turn, when sick or poor:
Or if the *House of Commons*, to repay
Their *Prize Commissions* are transfer'd away.
If for Triumphant check, Stones or a Shell,
For *Dutches* Closet 't 'as succeeded well.
If to make *Parliaments* all odious pass,
If to reserve a standing Force, alas;
Or if (as just) *Orange* to reinstate,
Instead of that, he is Regenerate.
And if five Millions, vainly given, are spent,
And with five Millions more of detriment;
Our Sum amounts, yet only to have won,
A Bastard *Orange* for Prince *Arlington*.
Now many Historians argue *Con* and *Pro*,
Denham saies thus, though *Waller* alwayes so;
But he, good man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
Thy Pennance did for *Cromwels* Epitaph;
And his next Theme must be the Dukes Mistris,
Advice to Draw Madam *L' Ædificatis*.

FINIS.